

Maybe the millennium is nearer than any of us realize; that the time is drawing near when the rage for gold will abate, when diseases are to vanish and the nations are to learn war no more.

The Public Lands And The People

A NOTICE says that there is still open for entry in different states very much public land. The figures given are as follows:

The State of Nevada has 55,417,746 acres of unoccupied public land; Michigan has 76,030 acres, subject to entry; Kansas 75,214, North Dakota 493,667, South Dakota 2,880,828, Alabama 47,940, Arizona 36,810,327, Arkansas 278,133, California 20,635,923, Colorado 17,236,114, Florida 268,484, Idaho 16,213,273, Louisiana 101,016, Minnesota 943,831, Mississippi 36,882, Montana 19,065,121, Nebraska 192,358, New Mexico 27,788,357, Oklahoma 42,177, Oregon 15,442,178, Utah 33,363,837, Washington 1,144,605, Wisconsin 6,758, Wyoming 30,929,969.

That foots up many millions of acres, an empire in extent. The statement would have a fascination for a foreigner just landed on our shores and wanting some land to call his own. He would want to have some of this land pointed out to him. But he would soon be disillusionized.

In some places it would be too poor to raise white beans. In some places swamp land, in others steep mountain land, in some desert land, in others so far from any available market that to occupy it he would merely exist.

A friend whose birthplace was in the mountains of east Tennessee, near Cumberland Gap, and where his boyhood was passed, tells of the customs there. When a young couple desire to marry, the parents provide them a patch of land, then the neighbors gather in, build them a log house with a fireplace, make them a rude bedstead, a few chairs, a cupboard, the ladies provide a feather bed and some home-made quilts and they are fixed. Who would want more than that for a starter? They nearly all belong to either the Methodist, the Baptist or the Campbellite church, all devout Christians, but all shoot on sight. Their school education is, as a rule, a good deal neglected.

This friend moved to Kansas as did several of his cousins. After a while an old uncle came to visit them; saw the wonderful harvest gathered and then gave it as a conviction that he would not take the whole county as a gift provided he had to live in it; no woods to provide game, or "mast" for his pigs and all working like mad to get rich—no real comforts. One of his sons asked him if he ever plowed a certain field. He answered proudly that no horse or mule was ever on that field. It is too steep, but he raises a crop of corn upon it every year. He starts at the foot of the hill, scratches a place with his hoe, drops and covers the corn, then takes a step upward and in the same way plants another hill. The great advantage is that in the autumn he begins in the same place to harvest the corn, breaks off the ears of corn and tosses them behind him and they roll to the foot of the hill.

With them trade is barter, bacon is a legal tender and provides what little coin they get through the year. Bacon, corn pone and moonshine whisky are the reliance.

But they are a fearless people, and if a man expresses any pity for their condition, within a minute and a half he will need all the pity for himself. They are a patriotic people and will go forty miles to vote.

It was in such surroundings that Andrew Johnson grew up and he was a type of those people. His bitterest enemies all his life admitted that no braver man than he ever walked on this old earth.

The children should be lured away from the region and given a chance. But all the government lands are not that way and they should be

the concernment of the nation and the states. Where swamps can be drained they should be, where water can be got upon the desert it should be carried there, where good roads can be made to regions now beyond a market, they should be built, and the little red school house should go with the ditches, the canals and the new roads, for the safety of the nation depends upon the little homes, and upon the people emerging from those homes understanding the principles underlying our form of government and making it the grandest that the sun ever shone upon.

They should all early be impressed with a conviction that while wealth is good, unless it is honestly earned, it at last becomes to a man like Dead Sea apples that turn to ashes on the lips.

The greatest misfortune that our country is suffering under is that there is not a closer walk among all our people.

General Agramonte

IT is not a surprise to hear that in the turbulence that has churned Mexico for years, General Agramonte has fallen a victim. Indeed it is a wonder that he lived so long, for his was an impetuous, stormy soul.

Some men are brave enough to meet any danger that confronts them, Agramonte sometimes went out to find and deride it.

From the deck of a warship he watched "the charge of the six hundred"—"into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell" and the final storming of the Malakoff.

That was almost sixty years ago. Then he went to India. How long he remained there we do not know, but some thirty years ago, two swarthy-faced men registered at the Knutsford, in this city. Agramonte was sitting in the lobby conversing with a friend when they went to the desk to register.

"They look like East Indians," said Agramonte, and a moment later went to the register and read their names and residence, which was Bombay, or Delhi. The strangers had seated themselves in the lobby. Agramonte went straight to them and in a moment, in their own tongue, was in animated conversation with them. His gift of acquiring a strange language was wonderful.

We believe the Spanish was his native tongue. He was so intimate with President Diaz that they were wont to joke each other about their respective ages. Even when Diaz was president there were officers in the Mexican army who wanted to kill Agramonte, but when he encouraged them in earnest words to try it, somehow they did not care to undertake the business personally.

He served as a staff officer in our great war and when it was over came here. He lived here many years.

He was not successful in business; he was a born soldier and he dreaded the complications of business more than a charging column. More than once here, to our certain knowledge, he took his life in his hands to serve a friend. He was intense in his friendship and in a friend's cause he never counted the number of the foes he might meet. It is pitiable to think that after all he has passed through, when past eighty-four years of age, he should meet so tragic a fate. It would be a safe wager that he died with a smile of contempt for his enemies on his unblanched face, for the spirit in him was modeled after those which in the long ago was described in the fierce prophecy:

"But thy nurse will bear no master,
Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad;
When all the pack, loud-baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence biting hard
Amidst the dying hounds."

God rest his storm; ul.

Something To Hope And Work For

OUTSIDE her long-trained regular army, the best soldiers that Great Britain has been able to bring into this war, are those from Canada and Australia.

Those colonies have had the management of their own affairs for years and the effect ought to impress the statesmen of England. They have had the right to do any legitimate thing; they have had a field ample for their utmost efforts, and when encroached upon by the products of servile labor, they have drawn a tariff protection around them.

They lived under the Underwood idea until their old free trade mother had so robbed them in trade that all their manufactures languished and they had no money left. Then in self-protection they built a tariff wall up against her and began to prosper.

Now they are able to send contingents to their old mother's support and the contrast between them and those enlisted in the old isle is most marked.

When the Dakotas began to send wheat to England and sell it at prices which English farmers could not compete against, had English statesmen been really wise, they would have said: "A blow to our yeomanry is a blow to English sovereignty and must at all hazards be stopped. But they would not do it, lest their export trade, which they held as paramount, might be injured. The effect was seen in the Boer war; it is accentuated in this war. Take from a brave people hope and in its place give nothing but poverty and despair and the disintegration of that race quickly begins.

When this war shall finally burn itself out the first earnest work of England should be to send away to her colonies some millions of her poor and at the same time so readjust her laws that those at home may find work through which to honestly live.

Our own country should not neglect to read aright the lesson that the war is teaching which is that all idle men should be given honest employment that the hopes and aspirations in their hearts may be kept warm.

When this is not done the invincible spirit begins to deteriorate and this is swiftly followed by national decay. Experts often state the value that the individual healthy citizen is to the state. This is only true when the individual has something to hope for and an honest occupation to keep his hopes warm.

The Marvelous Lincoln

THE Times of New York prints some items from the diary of John Hay when he was in the White House as secretary of President Lincoln. This one was written April 30th, 1864:

A little after midnight the president came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, "An Unfortunate Bee-ing," seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple bonhomie and good fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits.

This was written a little later and shows another side of Lincoln's mind:

I am getting along pretty well. I only work about twenty hours a day. I do all your work and half of my own, now you are away. Don't hurry yourself. * * * This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody is gone. I am getting apathetic and write blackguardly articles for The Chronicle, from which W. extracts the dirt and fun and publishes the dreary remains.